THE LITERARY TABLET.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

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ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

MODERN ITALY.

WE muſt now view Italy as a nation, which has paſſed the meridian of her ſplendor. The vigor of her Auguſtan period has long ſince degenerated into feeble old age; her laurels have faded away, and her glory is rapidly declining. Many of her fields, that once flowed with the bounties of life, are abandoned by the plow; villages are deſerted, cities are devoted to ſolitude and ruin, and her whole ſtructure is ſenſibly infected with decay.

In other days, it was the glory of Rome's greateſt heroes—of a Cincinnatus, a Regulus, and Cato, to forſake the brilliancy of courts, the honors of war, and the purſuit of popular applauſe, to feed their flocks and cultivate their fields.—The Mantuan bard once ſung the woodland,—the ſweets of toil, and the culture of the foreſt. But the degenerate ſons of the nineteenth century feebly emulate the induſtry and greatneſs of their fathers of antiquity;—and even ſlaves now ſtoop with reluctance, to what was once a noble exerciſe for Kings.

The hoe, the ax, and the ſpade are now thrown aſide to moulder and ruſt;—while the idle whimſies of the chaſe, the dance, the opera, and maſquerade are courted and enjoyed as the only ſublime and rational employment of the age.

Commerce has almoſt dwindled to inſignificance.—Far unlike that illuſtrious period of antiquity, when in the grandeur of Rome, the mercantile fleets of Italy rode in triumphant ſafety on the ocean,—when Tyre and Sidon opened their ports, when Carthage, overflowing with wealth, courted her traffic, —and Greece, in her ſplendor ſtretched her arms to all nations of the globe.

Such days to Italy are paſt and gone;—and in traverſing throughout her whole extent,—often, but little more than a phantom,—a mere *magic-lanthern* of former greatneſs, remains to be ſeen. Florence—once the proud reſidence of *Lorenzo De Medici*, ſtill towers its domes on the banks of the Arno;—ſtill, each gale wafts hither from every clime the treaſures of the earth. But inſtead of the hardy neceſſaries of civil life, inſtead of the inſtruments of peace, of the uſeful and liberal arts,—inſtruments, which tend to uphold and invigorate a falling nation, ſcarce any thing but the perfumes of the eaſt, and the luxuries of every country are unladen on her ſhores. Italy, in war, is weak and cowardly. The terror of her arms has long ſince ſubſided.

The weighty javelin, which graced the armies of Auguſtus, has fallen from the feeble hands of modern ſoldiery; and the legions of that very nation, which once conquered the globe, can ſcarcely ſupport the fatigues of encampment.

Have we not ſeen from the pages of hiſtory the brave generals of Rome, leading their forces with irreſiſtible ardor againſt every oppoſing nation? At one moment halting with apparent fatigue, on the banks of the Rubicon, at another paſſing the rapid tide of the Danube?—At one time, laying waſte the hoſtile tribes of Britain,—and almoſt in the twinkling of an eye, diſplaying their banners on the diſtant ſhores of Aſia? Have we not ſeen Italy the empreſs of the world?—and have we not beheld her in modern times, ſucceſſively falling victim to the violence of neighboring nations, and to the poiſon of internal diſcord?—When her ſoldiers reflect on theſe things, will they never pauſe? —will not the indignant ſhades of a Marius, a Pompey, and a Cæſar, ariſe to their view, and excite a momentary ardor?

Were the Apoſtle of the Gentiles to reviſit Italy, were he to return to the Vatican, or enter the door of a cloyſter, he might poſſibly learn what Being was the object of their myſterious devotion, but in vain would he enquire for purity of principle or practice.

That holy and life-inſpiring religion, which God himſelf revealed from the fountain of Grace, has never found her a ſincere and humble believer. In ancient days ſhe was the wild and frenzied bigot of the errors of idolatry;—in after periods, the blind and head-ſtrong leader, the very heart and moving principle of the huge and miſshapen Papal body. We behold, here, inſtead of unaſſuming and faithful *Shepherds*,—an innumerable rabble of ſelf-ſtiled miniſters of God,—a horde of baſe-born ſlaves of ſuperſtition, ſteeped in the gall of hypocriſy,—cloaked in ſacred habits,—ſecluded from the world,—and driving headlong to deſtruction an innocent and ignorant people.—We behold here a proſtrate multitude of bewildered enthuſiaſts, venerating the lifeleſs remains of unknown and unknowing Saints, and paying their devotions to lifeleſs images.—If this be religion, the holy word has never taught it.

In ſpeaking of the refinement and literature of Italy, we ſhould do wrong to refuſe her a ſplendid rank among other nations. An Arioſte, a Raphael, a Dante, a Michael Angello, and Handel would ariſe to avenge their injured rights.—They would point us to the moving marble and animated canvaſs, —works that are ſcarce equalled by the hand of nature. All the fine arts have found patronage in Italy and have, here, gained their achme of perfection. Her muſic can charm the rude and boiſterous paſſions of the ſoul into harmony and love. Her ſculpture wants nothing but breath; and her genius for architecture ſhines in all he works. But ſtill we muſt regret, that, while theſe arts, which have often been deemed the inmates of effeminacy and eaſe, have ariſen almoſt to devotion,—thoſe which alone, give true wiſdom, ſtrength, and greatneſs, to a nation, have been caſt into the ſhades of oblivion.—Even if we go within the walls of Rome, the once great emporium of the world, and miſtreſs of creation,—the ſame proſpect attends us. We may here recline upon the fragment of ſome lofty column, and learn, from the mouldering monuments that ſurround us, what was the wiſdom and the ſkill of former ages. We may tread upon the aſhes of ſages and patriots, of thoſe who once gave life and ſplendor to the whole Eaſtern world. But in vain ſhall we look for ſuch monuments of grandeur in modern days. In vain ſhall we aſk, 'where now are the ſenate, and where are the people of Rome?' The Fabii have long ſince been buried in duſt,—Cicero no longer pleads in the Forum, and the wiſe men of the Eaſt no longer preſide in the cabinet of empires.

Thoſe ſtreets, which were once crowded with a living and a civilized multitude, are now naked and deſolate,—temples are made the miſerable reſidence of beggars,—and where once aroſe the palaces of the rich, now ſpring up brambles and thorns.

The Tyber is no more the court of the Muſes, of ſcience and unſullied refinement. (*It is rarely laden with wealth.*) The nations of the earth are no longer allured hither, by views of intereſt or ambition—and ſcarcely a ſtranger is ſeen within the walls of a once opulent city—but the ſolitary pilgrim, who turns aſide from his way to weep o'er the ruins.

HIRAM.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

STUDY OF LAW.

THE ſcience of Law is a very great and important one, and thoſe who hope to purſue it with any degree of reputation, muſt not only devote themſelves to the ſtudy of it willingly, but aſſiduouſly and conſtantly. The complaints, therefore, of ſtudents at law concerning the 'tedious term' fixed by gentlemen of the bar for their qualification for practice, are unjuſt; I mean, ſo far as they relate to the mere acquiſition of knowledge. But when bar rules are extended ſo far as to cut off the indigent and induſtrious ſcholar from the means of proſecuting his ſtudies with reſolution and effect, they are, ſurely, *then*, tyrannical and wicked. It is true, they may prevent many from engaging in the profeſſion; but

it is unreaſonable that they ſhould effect thoſe who began the ſtudy under leſs rigid rules, and conſequently on very different conditions.

Perhaps gentlemen will offer to relieve ſuch inconvenience by loans of money ;—but is not ſuch an offer under ſuch circumſtances, an inſult to the generous mind ?—Firſt be deprived of the means of helping one's ſelf, and then offered ſuch dear bought aſſiſtance as 20 or 30 per cents !—Such illiberality wounds deeply.

If the honor of the profeſſion were to be promoted by it, one objection would be removed. But I conceive the greateſt honor of a lawyer to be integrity and learning. How is the latter rendered more attainable by circumſcribing the means of obtaining it, or the former more ſecure by adding inducements to violate it ? How far the preſent bar rules cheriſh theſe, we may judge from the confeſſion of lawyers themſelves. They have the aſſurance to ſay, " that the qualification of thoſe who are admitted to the ſtudy and practice of law, is the oſtenſible object of their ſocial code ; but the real and moſt important one is to diſcourage young gentlemen from engaging in that profeſſion ; " for," ſay they, " *there is ſcarcely a mouſe for each cat, now.*"—Such meaſures are worthy of thoſe only, who never expect to make themſelves rich by their merit and reputation.

Inſtead of inſpecting and encouraging the ſtudies of clerks, they are left to do the drudgery of the office, and a dry reference to the books, which in the former part of their term they can but illy underſtand. Two or three hundred dollars is a round ſum to give for the bare uſe of books, eſpecially when the *whole library* did not coſt half that ſum. This part of the complaint would never occaſion the leaſt murmur, if the former were attended to.—Gentlemen, who take clerks, are in the capacity of inſtructors, and ought to attend carefully to their progreſs. If they would examine and lecture them once a day, or even once a month, thoſe who begin buſineſs would appear very different from what they have generally done. To lay the foundation for eminence by reading is indiſpenſible ; but ſuch reading would be doubly beneficial, were they to recite it, and hear it explained and compared with the practice in this country.

Gentlemen who have not leiſure for, or are incapable of, this, ought not, for ſelfiſh purpoſes, to ſacrifice the ſtudent's treaſure of time, and perhaps deprive him of doing himſelf and profeſſion honor ever after. The man who has humanity in his heart, will never be guilty of this.

It appears to me, that in forming bar-rules, it would be highly proper to conſider this matter ; for ſuch rules ought to comprehend all which can render the profeſſion *really* reſpectable, and to baniſh every thing elſe with abhorrence.

If any thing has been ſaid by way of reproof, or advice, it has been ſaid in behalf of candor, of profeſſional credit, and of thoſe whoſe exertions intitle them at leaſt to the means of being uſeful.

The Father of a Student at Law.

SELECTIONS.

CAHARACTER OF HUME'S WRITINGS.

THERE has lately been publiſhed in England, a work, entitled " Hints towards forming the character of a young princeſs," in two vols. 8vo. Of this work the reviewers ſpeak in terms of high praiſe. They ſay, that " Rumour aſcribes theſe volumes to a literary lady of celebrity, (Mrs. Hannah More) and internal evidence inclines us to credit the aſſertion."

We extract from this valuable work, for the benefit of our readers, the following juſt and admirable criticiſm on the writings of the celebrated David Hume. [*Panopliſt.*

" His finely painted characters of Alfred and Elizabeth ſhould be engraved on the heart of every ſovereign. His political prejudices do not ſtrikingly appear, till the eſtabliſhment of the Houſe of Stuart, nor his religious antipathies till about the diſtant dawn of the reformation under Henry V. From that period to its full eſtabliſhment, he is perhaps more dangerous, becauſe leſs oſtenſibly daring than ſome other infidel hiſtorians. It is a ſerpent under a bed of roſes. He does not (in his *hiſtory* at leaſt) ſo much ridicule religion himſelf, as invite others to ridicule it.

" There is a ſedateneſs in his manner which impoſes ; a ſly gravity in his ſcepticiſm, which puts the reader more off his guard, that the vehemence of cenſure, or the levity of wit ; for we are always leſs diſpoſed to ſuſpect a man who is too wiſe to appear angry. That ſame wiſdom makes him too correct to invent calumnies, but it does not preſerve him from doing what is ſcarcely leſs diſengenuous. He implicitly adopts the injurious relations of thoſe annaliſts, who were moſt hoſtile to the reformed faith ; though we muſt have known their accounts to be aggravated and diſcoloured, if not abſolutely invented. He thus makes others reſponſible for the worſt things he aſſerts, and ſpreads the miſchiefs, without avowing the malignity. When he ſpeaks from himſelf, the ſneer is ſo cool, the irony ſo ſober, the contempt ſo diſcreet, the moderation ſo inſidious, the difference between popiſh bigotry and proteſtant firmneſs, between the fury of the proſecutor and the reſolution of the martyr, ſo little marked ; the diſtinctions between intolerant phrenzy and heroic zeal ſo melted into each other, that though he contrives to make the reader feel ſome indignation at the tyrant, he never leads him to feel any reverence for the ſufferer. He aſcribes ſuch a ſlender ſuperiority to one religious ſyſtem above another, that the young reader, who does not come to the peruſal with his principles formed, will be in danger of thinking that the reformation was really not worth contending for.

" But, in nothing is the ſkill of this accompliſhed ſophiſt more apparent, than in the artful way in which he piques his readers into a conformity with his own views concerning religion. Human pride, he knew, naturally likes to range itſelf on the ſide of ability. He, therefore, ſkilfully works on this paſſion, by treating with a ſort of contemptuous ſuperiority, as weak and credulous men, all whom he repreſents as being under the religious deluſion."

MORALITY.

From the Dartmouth Gazette.

RELIGION and Morality are nearly connected ; in fact the former is the foundation on which the latter is erected. Without that living principle in the heart, the fear of God, and delight in his law, it is impoſſible long to maintain a conduct conſiſtent with the good of our neighbor and ſociety in general. Man has naturally ſo ſtrong a principle of ſelf love ; his intereſt, his honor and his eaſe ſo often come in competition with thoſe of others, that, without ſome ſtronger motive than the beauty or expediency of virtue, he would violate the duties he owes to others and himſelf.

A ſenſe of honor, his own convenience, and love of quietude, may influence a man to regard Morality. But this is not that which will abide in the day of temptation ; 'tis falſe gold, which ſhines at firſt, and paſſes even with the judicious for that of ſterling value ; but eſſentially different from that unalloyed metal which will endure the trial of fire.

What influence has an oath impoſed on a perſon who diſbelieves, or who does not ſuitably reverence that God whom he ſolemnly calls to witneſs ? Place your treaſure and your life in the power of an avaricious man, who fears not the puniſhment threatened in a future ſtate ; and how will he conduct ? Will not his deſire of wealth burſt through thoſe feeble barriers which remain ? Nature revolts at the idea of ſhedding human blood ; but this averſion will be overcome where the temptation is great and no other motive intervene to prevent. Make a particular vice popular, though it is the blackeſt in the catalogue, it will be committed without remorſe by the man who is influenced only by the dread of public odium. Remove the dread of public deteſtation, and the ambitious villain will ſell his country for gold ; and deſtroy the liberties of his fellow-citizens for power and dominion. Where then are the reſtraints of that Morality which reſts on ſuch weak and ſandy foundations ?

This regard to public opinion is a dangerous thing. To a man whoſe morality ariſes from a ſenſe of honor, it is the criterion of right and wrong. What then is his ſyſtem of Morality ? At one time it inculcates love to his neighbor ; at another, it will artfully deprive him of his property, defames his character, or challenges him to the field and plunges the dagger in his boſom. At one time it will bid him reſpect woman as the poliſher of his manners, the partner of his heart, the ſoother of his cares ; at another, it will ſuffer him to ruin and forſake her. It is unneceſſary to enlarge. A man cannot be governed by public opinion, or a view to his own advantage alone, and yet maintain a ſyſtem of conduct, conſiſtent, uniform and juſt. In the hour of temptation, he *will* diſcover himſelf. Too many mines lie concealed to turn the magnet from the pole.

Nor is a mere ſpeculative belief of a religion, a ſurer ground of Morality than infidelity. That belief alone which influences the conduct is of any conſequence. I believe that an earthly potentate to whom I am ſubject has ordained juſt and equitable laws, that I am bound to regulate my conduct by them, that he will puniſh the neglect and reward the fulfilment of his commands. But this belief avails nothing, unleſs I act accordingly, and conform to thoſe laws. So the belief of the doctrines of the Goſpel is a mere nothing, if we hear and credit them merely as hiſtorical facts or inſtructive relations, without feeling *ourſelves* intereſted in their awful realities. Nor is the obſervance in the forms of worſhip, and external conformity to the goſpel rules any foundation of Morality. There is no ſurety that our moral conduct proceeds from a pure and abiding principle, unleſs the heart is engaged. The whole ſcripture requires the heart in devotion, reaſon requires it, and he who pays not the

homage of the heart has no religion. And if not religion, he has not genuine morality.

The religion of the heart alone aſſimilates man to his Maker, and produces that diſintereſted love to his neighbor, which equals that he bears himſelf. This being poſſeſſed it muſt be acted out. From this pure fountain, and this alone, flow thoſe ſalutary ſtreams, morality, brotherly love, charity.

Hence we ſee the unfaithfulneſs of thoſe Miniſters of Chriſt who inculcate almoſt ſolely the moral duties. Though a man toil for years with aſſiduous care, his labor produces little profit. Morality is indeed important; he ought frequently to inſtruct his people therein; but to be ſure and lay the foundation. Genuine morality is a beautiful tree; but it is never produced without a ſeed, and never arrives to maturity without a root. Vital religion is its root, its trunk, and its living principle. This then ſhould be the primary object of the faithful planter in Chriſt's vineyard. Social duties follow of courſe. But a thouſand diſcourſes on morality, ſeparate from this, will never make a man a better huſband, father, neighbor or citizen; much leſs ever raiſe a ſoul to heaven.

The idea which we attempted to ſupport in the former part of our obſervations is, that morality cannot be ſupported without a ſincere devotion to ſome ſyſtem of religion; that is a belief in the exiſtence of a God and future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments, and acting with an habitual reference to theſe important truths. In the latter part we have mentioned only the *chriſtian* religion, becauſe it is that which is here believed, and that by which *we* muſt ſtand or fall. L.

From the Philadelphia Advertiſer.

MR. POULSON,

IN reading the great Sir MATTHEW HALE's "*Directions for keeping the* LORD's DAY," my attention was forcibly arreſted by the following paſſage, which I have tranſcribed for re-publication in your paper:—

"I have, by long and ſound experience, found, that the due obſervance of this day, and of the duties of it, have been of ſingular comfort and advantage to me, and I doubt not but it will prove ſo to others.—GOD ALMIGHTY is the LORD of our time, and lends it to us; and as it is but juſt we ſhould conſecrate this part of that time to him, ſo I have found, by a ſtrict and diligent obſervation, that a due obſervation of the duty of this day, hath ever had joined to it, a bleſſing upon the reſt of my time; and the week that hath been ſo begun, hath been bleſſed and proſperous to me; and, on the other ſide, when I have been negligent of the duties of this day, the reſt of the week hath been unſucceſsful and unhappy to my own ſecular employments; ſo that I could eaſily make an eſtimate of my ſucceſſes in my own ſecular employments the week following, by the manner of my paſſing of THIS DAY; and this I do not write lightly or inconſiderately, but upon a long and ſound obſervation and experience."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mons. A——, profeſſor and principal in the Academy of Saumur, uſed to ſpend five hours of the morning regularly in his ſtudy, and was very punctual at the hour of dinner. One day, on his not appearing preciſely at the dinner hour, his wife entered his ſtudy and found him ſtill reading. I wiſh, my love, ſaid the lady, that I was a book. Why ſo? replied the profeſſor. Becauſe you would then be conſtant to me. I ſhould have no objection, rejoined the profeſſor, provided you were an almanack. Why an almanack, my ſpouſe?—Becauſe I ſhould then have a new one every year.

Scipio Naſica, the couſin of the great Scipio, called one day on Ennius the poet, whoſe ſervant, though his maſter was actually at home, denied him. Soon after Ennius returned the viſit, and was told by Scipio himſelf that he was not at home. Nay, ſays Ennius, I know you are, I hear your voice. You are a fine fellow indeed, replied Scipio, when I called the other day on you, I believed the maid, who told me you were not at home, and now you will not believe me, although you hear my voice.

IGNORANCE OF THE TURKS.

From Wittman's Travels.

I introduce the following anecdote to evince, among other facts, the very unenlightened condition of the Turks, without excepting even their principal men, in whatever regards the ſciences. General Koehler was requeſted by the Grand Vizier to have a map of the world ſketched out for him. This requeſt having been complied with, a converſation enſued, in which the General, having the plan before him, told his Highneſs, among other particulars, that the earth was round. This information cauſed no ſmall degree of ſurpriſe to the Turkiſh miniſter; and it appeared, by his reply, that he was diſpoſed to doubt the truth of the aſſertion. "If," he obſerved, "the earth is round, how can the people, and other detached objects on the half beneath, be prevented from falling off?"—When he was told that the earth revolved round the ſun, he diſplayed an equal degree of ſcepticiſm, obſerving that if that was the caſe, the ſhips bound from Jaffa to Conſtantinople, inſtead of proceeding to that capital, would be carried to London, or elſewhere. So much for the aſtronomical and geographical knowledge of a Turkiſh ſtateſman!

The following pleaſing anecdote is from Carr's Northern Summer.

"In the inſtitution of Catharine, under the direction of Madame Brenkoff, an elderly lady, of diſtinguiſhed talents, and ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, the following idle circumſtance occurred, which will prove that the Ruſſian mind, whatever may have been ſaid of it, is ſuſceptible of feeling and generoſity. In this inſtitution, which is ſupported by the Empreſs Dowager, a limited number of young ladies is admitted, free of expence, by ballot; but others are received upon paying, as it is termed, a penſion. At the laſt admiſſion, two little girls, the eldeſt not exceeding ten years of age, the daughters of a naval captain, who in this country is noble, the father of a large family, preſented themſelves, and drew the one a prize, the other a blank. Although ſo young they knew that fate had, in this manner, reſolved upon their ſeparation; they felt it and wept.

Another young lady, to whom the next chance devolved, drew a prize, and obſerving the diſtreſs of the ſiſters, without any communication with their parents, or with any other perſons, ſpontaneouſly ran up to the luckleſs little girl, preſented her with the ticket, and leading her up to the directreſs, ſaid, "See, madam, I have drawn a prize, but my papa can afford to pay the penſion, and I am ſure will pay it for me; pray let one who is leſs fortunate enjoy the good which happened to me." This charming anecdote was immediately reported to the Empreſs Dowager, who expreſſed the higheſt delight, and paid out of her own purſe the penſion of the little benefactreſs.

AGE.

Age, that leſſens the enjoyment of life, increaſes our deſire of living. Thoſe dangers, which in the vigor of youth we had learned to deſpiſe, aſſume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increaſing as our years increaſe, fear becomes at laſt the prevailing paſſion of the mind; and the ſmall remainder of life is taken up in uſeleſs efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued exiſtence.

Goldſmith.

PRIDE AND RESENTMENT.

There are no obſtructions more fatal to fortune than pride and reſentment. If you muſt reſent injuries at all, at leaſt ſuppreſs your indignation until you become rich, and then ſhew away. The reſentment of a poor man is like the efforts of a harmleſs inſect to ſting; it may get him cruſhed, but cannot defend him. Who values that anger which is conſumed only in empty menaces? *ib.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

THE BEGGAR.

LOOK, look! at yon beggar, as onward he goes,
Diſabled by ſorrow and pain;
How calmly he bears the hard preſſure of woes,
Nor allows himſelf once to complain.

His locks are quite bleach'd, with the winter of age;
His boſom oft heaves with a ſigh;
No friend is at hand, his deep grief to aſſuage,
Or wipe the ſwol'n tear from his eye.

While youth ſtrew'd its honors around his fair brow,
And hope ſpread her wings from afar,
The ſweet branch of peace, that ſo flouriſhing grew,
Was exchang'd for the hatchet of war.

His country, his honor, both dearer than life,
Then call'd him to fly to their aid;
And he left his ſweet children, his home and his wife,
To conquer for *Freedom* and *Trade*.

But alas! who can ſtay the ſwift arrows of fate!
Pale ſickneſs and hunger drew near;
The palſy attack'd him—aſſiſtance was late;
And his friends could give nought but a tear.

Now weary and old, he implores your relief;
Oh! hearken to pity's mild voice,
With the *dews* of *benevolence*, ſoften his grief,
And teach his ſad heart to rejoice.

BELINDA.

SELECTED POETRY.

FROM MACNEILL's POEMS.

GRANDEUR.

HOW varied lies the chequer'd ſcene !—
  Dunmait capt with ſnow ;
While humbler ſmiles, in vernal green,
  The ſun-clad vale below :
Gay ſpring her cheering taſk performs,
Regardleſs of the wintry ſtorms
  That ſweep proud Ochil's lofty ſide ;
And, ſhelter'd from the whirling gale,
Secure, ſmooth glides the winding ſail
  Down Forth's meandering tide.

Alas ! how like the chequer'd ſtate
  Of man's contraſted lot !
The ſtorms that whirl round Grandeur's gate,
  The peaſant's ſhelter'd cot ;
Diſdainful pride, with wintry brow ;
Rough labour, jocund at his plough,
  Still cheer'd by health's unclouded beam ;
While ſafe from luxury's whelming tide
Peace, hope ; and reſignation glide
  Down life's untroubled ſtream.

To meditation's muſing mind
  Still moral pictures riſe :
Ambition, daſh'd by fortune's wind,
  When tow'ring to the ſkies :
Exalted beauty, doom'd to move
In climes unwarm'd by genial love,
  Toſt by the ſtorms of ſordid ſtrife !
While nurtur'd in ſome vale obſcure,
The humbler fair one blooms ſecure
  The miſtreſs and the wife !

But late, in ſtrength and beauty's prime,
  The tow'ring Plane aroſe ;
Proud, o'er Strevlina's height ſublime
  It wav'd its mantling boughs !
What time mild evening gilds her ſtar,
The trav'ller ſpy'd it from afar
  And, raptur'd wonder'd where it grew ;—
Fond fancy plac'd its magic height
Mid regions ſtreak'd with golden light
  Through Heav'n's etherial blue !—

Emboſom'd in the bank below,
  That courts the ſouthern breeze,
The humbler Hawthorn's doom'd to blow
  Mid kindred ſhrubs and trees !
Obſcure, its balmy ſweets diffuſe,
Unmark'd, ſave by the moral muſe,
  That nightly breathes the rich perfume !—
Ah ! what is Grandeur's ſplendid ſhow !
Ambition, mark !—the Plane laid low !*
  The Hawthorn left to bloom.

* The cutting down of this beautiful tree (a circumſtance that gave general diſſatisfaction) occaſioned the preſent ode.

CONSTANCY IN DEATH.

A Song, ſung by a Hindoo Woman, on the point of being burned with her huſband.—Tranſlated from the Hindoo language, and originally publiſhed in Calcutta.

HASTE ! haſte ! with ſpeed the ſacred pile
  Prepare, which ſhall my form conſume,
And death in Caſſah's arms I'll ſmile,
  And joyful meet ſo bleſt a doom.
With him a life of love I've paſt ;
  With him a death of love I'll die ;
On his cold corpſe my body caſt,
  In his dear arms all pain defy.

When Caſſah liv'd, with throbs of joy
  I ſaw love ſparkle in his eyes ;
Nought could our happineſs deſtroy,
  While ſoft we heav'd love's tender ſighs ;
Endearing ſmiles, and kindeſt deeds
  Still made us bleſs each happy day,
But ah ! no joy in life ſucceeds
  To me, if Caſſah be away.

No more to gaze on his lov'd charms,
  To be no more his faithful care :
The object of his fond alarms,
  The partner of his frugal fare.
Deteſted thought ! with joy I mount
  The ſacred pile by me prepar'd,
I joyful die on love's account,
  And Brama ſhall my zeal reward.

In the fair form of ſpotleſs doves
  Should Brama chuſe we ſtill may live,
Wander o'erjoy'd through verdant groves,
  And in new beauteous ſhapes revive.
Then light the pile, diſſolve this frame
  Of human woe, of human care ;
Since ſtill our ſouls ſhall be the ſame !
  On wings of love we'll mount the air.

She ſaid—and ſtrewing flowers around,
  O'erjoy'd as on her bridal day,
Heard the laſt fatal muſic ſound,
  Which warn'd her Brama to obey.
Then mounting on the funeral pile,
  With looks ſerene ſhe welcom'd death,
Embrac'd her Caſſah with a ſmile,
  And in his arms reſign'd her breath !

EULOGY ON LAUGHING.

BY J. M. SEWALL.

Delivered at an exhibition, by a young lady.

LIKE merry Momus, while the Gods were quaffing,
I come—to give an eulogy on laughing !
True, courtly Cheſterfield, with critic zeal,
Aſſerts that laughing's vaſtly ungenteel !
The boiſt'rous ſhake, he ſays, diſtorts fine faces,
And robs each pretty feature of the graces !
But yet this paragon of perfect taſte,
On other topics was not over-chaſte ;
He like the Phariſees in this appears,
They ruin'd widows, but they made long pray'rs.
Tithe, aniſe, mint, they zealouſly affected,
But the law's weightier matters lay neglected ;
And while an inſect ſtrains their ſqueamiſh caul,
Down goes a monſtrous camel—bunch and all.

Yet others, quite as ſage, with warmth diſpute
Man's riſibles diſtinguiſh him from brute ;
While inſtinct, reaſon, both in common own,
To laugh is man's prerogative alone !

Hail, roſy laughter ! thou deſerv'ſt the bays !
Come, with thy dimples, animate theſe lays,
Whilſt univerſal peals atteſt thy praiſe.
Daughter of Joy ! thro' thee we health attain,
When Eſculapian recipes are vain.

Let ſentimentaliſts ring in our ears
The tender joy of grief—the luxury of tears—
Heraclitus may whine, and oh ! and ah !—
I like an honeſt, hearty, ha, hah, hah !
It makes the wheels of nature gliblier play ;
Dull care ſuppreſſes ; ſmooths life's thorny way ;
Propels the dancing current thro' each vein ;
Braces the nerves ; corroborates the brain ;
Shakes ev'ry muſcle, and throws off the ſpleen.

Old Homer makes yon tenants of the ſkies,
His Gods, love laughing as they did their eyes !
It kept them in good humour, huſh'd their ſquabbles,
As froward children are appeas'd by baubles ;
Ev'n Jove, the thund'rer, dearly lov'd a laugh,
When, of fine nectar, he had taken a quaff !
It helps digeſtion when the feaſt runs high,
And diſſipates the fumes of potent Burgundy.
  But, in the main, tho' laughing I approve,
It is not ev'ry kind of laugh I love !
For many laughs e'en candour muſt condemn !
Some are too full of acid, ſome of phlegm ;
The loud horſe-laugh (improperly ſo ſtil'd,)
The ideot ſimper, like the ſlumb'ring child,
Th' affected laugh, to ſhew a dimpled chin,
The ſneer contemptuous, and broad vacant grin,
Are deſpicable all, as Strephon's ſmile,
To ſhew his ivory legions, rank and file.
  The honeſt laugh, unſtudied, unacquir'd,
By nature prompted, and true wit inſpir'd,
Such as Quin felt, and Falſtaff knew before,
When humour ſet the table on a roar ;
Alone deſerves th' applauding muſe's grace !
The reſt—is all contortion and grimace.
But you exclaim, "Your Eulogy's too dry ;
"Leave diſſertation and exemplify !
"Prove, by experiment, your maxims true ;
"And, what you praiſe ſo highly, make us do."
  In troth ! I hop'd this was already done,
And Mirth and Momus had the laurel won !
Like honeſt Hodge, unhappy ſhould I fail,
Who to a crowded audience told his tale,
And laugh'd and ſnigger'd all the while himſelf
To grace the ſtory, as he thought, poor elf !
But not a ſingle ſoul his ſuffrage gave—
While each long phiz was ſerious as the grave !
  Laugh ! laugh ! cries Hodge, laugh loud ! (no halfing)
I thought you all, ere this, would die with laughing !
This did the feat, for, tickled at the whim,
A burſt of laughter, like the electric beam,
Shook all the audience—but it was at him !
Like Hodge, ſhould ev'ry ſtratagem and while
Thro' my long ſtory, not excite a ſmile,
I'll bear it with becoming modeſty ;
But ſhould my feeble efforts move your glee,
Laugh, if you fairly can—but not at ME !

HYMN....BY BURNS.

Scene—A field of battle—time of the day, evening—the wounded and dying of the victorious army are ſuppoſed to join in the following ſong.

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye ſkies
  Now gay with the bright ſetting ſun ;
Farewell loves and friendſhips, ye dear tender ties,
  Our race of exiſtence is run !

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
  Go, frighten the coward and ſlave ;
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant ! but know,
  No terrours haſt thou to the brave !

Thou ſtrik'ſt the dull peaſant, he ſinks in the dark,
  Nor ſaves e'en the wreck of a name ;
Thou ſtrik'ſt the young hero, a glorious mark !
  He falls in the blaze of his fame !

In the field of proud honour—our ſwords in our hands,
  Our king and our country to ſave—
While victory ſhines on life's laſt ebbing ſands,
  O ! who would not reſt with the brave !